

girl



Veronica

germs

No. 3

sQUARE and cIRCLE cLUB

"Round in knowledge and square in dealings..."

Hanging out homeless with Lainga all day is the safest place to be— buttoning each others' undershirts and sharing lipstick popcorn sodapoppin around. Here we can be the hipocribrats that we are because loud is real and laughing is crying is laughing. We're so hungry, and we never stop eating. We're antipatient we're suckers. If you're not a sQUARE you're not a sucker. W're sQUARES. We're gullible 'cause we believe. But we know the conspiracy we feel it in our spit and we wish to spit on The White Boy with no shame...and we call him W-H-I-T-E B-O-Y (and he calls us "baby") and we do together what we can't face apart. We try to stalk Him down and brat in His face when He suckers our SQUAREness. We are sQUARES for sure, but we are cIRCLES too. Don't forget it by mapping us two-dimensional or by setting His cock standard of anti-SQUARENESS which makes us deny and shame that part in us so dear. "Dare to be a Dcrk." We see and constantly must struggle to see the connectedness of all His actions— of all action and inaction we must connect the dots so bad. This circle, our desire and necessity for total rev-olution totally, must acknowledge all want and hate as valid and utterly realistic. Still, we must love too, and somehow we do, somehow. As hets, we so often compromise and love (pour/give/invest energy into) those who hurt us and/or perpetuate what hurts us. The sQUARE is our awkwardness of trusting under the spell of this annihilating system/society.

"Don't let life turn you into an asshole" but remembering that

"Violence in self-defense is called intelligence" —

cIRCLES exist within sQUARES, and sQUARES exist within cIRCLES. We're struggling and scheming in vicious circles, we're dying to survive emotionally (and also physically). We must protect ourselves and each other from emotional death.

THE RAPTURE

Chapter 1

dARE TO BE a SQUARE

'cause Cool won't spare anyone, 'cause Cool kills. We will deal with you straight up with love with hate with all the fucked up shit we've been taught and bombarded with. And it will be awkward it will come out "wrong" it might sound ridiculous overreacting and irrational it will be vindictive "unfair" and inarticulate. Cause SQUARE and CIRCLE don't cross each other out and this is the REALITY of our lives. We are totally goofy one minute and screaming blue murder the next... He calls us hipocrit He doesn't get it He expects an explanation articulation justification rationalization maybe He expects us to kiss his ass and suck His dick—and believe me, we have and we do but maybe we don't really want to. Maybe we want the Best, but we know how to get by, how to pass, how to survive. There's a price to pay and He wants us to know how lucky we are. Our security = compromise and we deal with these circumstances 24 hours a day, whether we're on the front line or not. In our CIRCLE we recognize oppression and privilege and how it affects everything and everyone— including ourselves and our friends and our scene. We draw it on our skin we paint it on the wall we cry it over the phone we eat it for dinner we slap it in faces. We battle systematic sleep techniques and refuse to kill the messenger who brings bad news. And we try so fuckin hard to see past our hate to sift through the fuck so we can love each other. Oh SQUARES and CIRCLES! believe that we're all in a process and that we're trying and living at the same time.

Round in knowledge and square in dealings, i love Lai-nga.

♡a.



SQUARE AND CIRCLE CLUB





Dear Allison,

I know what you mean about that all boy club-house now. It's so fucking lame. It's like I'll be hanging out with boys and all, then they'll just disappear and I won't see them until the next show or whatever. And whenever I see them they're all together. If I catch one alone they aren't all that interesting, probably because they don't have the security of their boyfriends. What is up? It's so hard to have pals in Olympia! When I'm outside Olympia it seems I have people to hang out with, it's just in Olympia...

So what are we going to do about the all-boy club house? I think we should bomb it. Jealous? Well, I don't know, I just think they're dumb for being so exclusive. We aren't that way. We include the boys. We must be better than them. I think you're right, the boys are insecure, or no, you say 'girl intimidation.' Whatever. I feel left out. It sucks. Let's kick their ass. I can't wait til you and Molly revisit Olympia. See you love,

Dana

P.S. That boy in DC never wrote back. BOY CONSPIRACY.

Dear Molly and Allison

I've just finished reading your fanzine and I have to say that you are all very strong and cool women! Never be afraid of being misunderstood by anybody, because if they can't take the truth as you girls tell it...well fuck them!

I've been to too many shows where the crowd was such that me and my girlfriends were afraid to even get near the stage. I mean, even if you are able to control the space around you and defend yourself, usually some big stage diver (who is male and taller than you!) will boot you in the head! I know that people use the music to get out their anger and frustration, but what about our anger and frustration! You are so right, we have to reclaim the music on and off the stage.

I know that our world is a really twisted one, I mean, I just read yesterday that some dude wants to blow up the moon with a nuclear device! His theory is that it would give the earth perfect weather by eliminating the lunar gravitational pull on our planet. Since the moon has always been a symbol for women in particular (like the goddess Diana) this is just another 'fine' example of what our world thinks of us. But voices like yours can't be stopped, and we in turn will keep writing and working on our own revolution.

Love,

Beth Waldron
Lansdowne, PA

[REDACTED]

Molly and Allison

I worked 24 hours in the last two days and grabbed Girl Germs with my empty head and overworked body and read about my girl Maria on a couple of pages, Guy and Ian letters, and every good-damn page (in the bathtub). Really great 'zine! All my friends at Food For Thought will see it tonight, all my lezzie gal-pals will tune in, all their housemates will pass it around and, like the dreamy-dreams extolled on pages 1 and 29, your stuff, our stuff, will happen. Beautifully... Thanks Big-Time for Girl Germs. I'm all excited.

Gravity,

Juliana

Hey it's me, your step-sister MARY--

WOW!!!! I've just been reading your fanzine from cover to cover. What's goin on out there in the Northwest? I rave about you 'cause I think it's great what you're doing. It's pure passion and ideas and anger and love and all the stuff that everyone should be feeling every day about everything around them. Sometimes it just seems like there's not enough time but I know that's bullshit. Thanks so much for the FANZINE and keep me posted man. When I have more time I'll tell you ALL--Keep rockin and I'll do my part too.

Step Blood Love--

Mary

Molly and Allison,

This is Laura. We never found the bass player. The band is screwed. We decided to kill it since it didn't work out. Depressive. I mean-- none of us really knew how to play music. We played by ear. None of us ever took a lesson in our lives. It has a homemade taste too. How did you start Girl Germs? How do you get it printed, mailed out, etc? Where do you get your info? I freaked out at the mailbox wondering who the hell Molly and Allison are, but it finally hit me.

Lates.

Laura

P.S. Things suck and hopefully in college I'll start a new wave band called 40 Flamboyant Godfast Days. Think it'll work? Heck, if my sister's friends did it, I can too!

Dearest Allison and Molly,

Issue #1 is sooo cool. You can do no wrong. I love your editorials. I especially dig the Bikini Kill lyrics. Do they have a record or any music available to the public? Suggestion for Girl Germs #3: the strict abortion laws that recently have been passed in some states and how the gov't is slowly taking women's rights away-- what rights we have left! I know it has nothing to do with music but it pertains to the lives of girls/women everywhere. I'll lend my services any way possible. Some of my female influences are: Bangles, Go-Go's, the Runaways, STP, Lunachicks, Kim Gordon, L7, Babes in Toyland, Yo-Yo, and Madonna (she's beautiful and headstrong).

As for Kerri, Kerri is Kerri. Kerri is wack. She'll be 18 in August. Kerri is really beautiful. she is my friend and I love her. I guess Girl Happy! is o.k. Erin Smith thinks I should call my band Leather Market. after my street name. What do you think?

Best.

Anna Garza

[REDACTED]

Chapter II

THE TRIBULATION

But you told me to!!! an excerpt from 1989 by julie

Cigarette pot smoke beer wine whiskey stinky sweaty moldy mildewy punk rock house. here we are again. same people, they're always the same, ever since oh, 1984 or so. they come and go but basically stay the same HE's got a case of schmidt altogether plus a half rack of some other shit. it don't matter, it'll never be enough. HE'll be back at the store before 9:00 p.m.. we always get there early and watch cops on the Fox network and laugh about how wouldn't it be funny if we were watching it and the cops were coming into the house on the screen and it was the house where we were. ha ha ha. i'll bet i'm the only one wishing that would happen. i mean i'd probably go to jail but at least i wouldn't be getting my head knocked in by HIM again. so tonight i don't wanna drink and as usual HE says drink and so i do, not wanting to be hit and humiliated in front of them again. and anyway if i drink enough it won't hurt 'til morning. but if i drink i won't have my wits about me if tonight's the night i make a run for it. ahh, who the fuck am i kidding- i don't have anyplace to go that HE wouldn't find me. so later on about a half rack in my body later i'm sitting around talking to matt and he likes me and everyone knows it. but we're only talking, i know better and besides i don't like him anyway.

"BITCH, PUT YOUR HAND ON HIS DICK!!" "fuck you, no way!" it's a feeble reply i know but i also know it's not going to do me any good and i better just deal with it. i guess tonight is the night i am prostituted. matt says "hey, no don't make her do that, she doesn't want to, besides she's your old lady and you'll kick my ass"

"NO FUCK YOU BOTH, DO IT NOW AND KEEP IT THERE!!!!!" i don't move and so HE does it for me. now my hand is in a forced position on matt's half hard pants covered (thank god) dick. "SO BITCH IS IT HARD?" i say nothing, i'm humiliated, i am shrinking. HE tells everyone to come and look. i am not really even there anymore but i am. my hand doesn't want to be there and neither do i but both of us know better than to get up and run. i am scared to do anything and matt knows better too. he's not enjoying it even though he likes me. everyone knows how it is but they all humor HIM and laugh, they know better too.

much later, oh 2:00 or 3:00 a.m. we're on our way home. HE's driving even though i begged HIM to let me drive, you see i haven't been drinking for hours. HE's still plugging away i mean as much as you can plug when you've been unwilling since 5:00 or so. we get on to the highway and i can feel it coming. i can't run, i can't hide.

"FUCKING SLUT YOU FUCKING SLUT YOU PROBABLY WANT TO FUCK HIM YOU FUCKING SLUT BITCH" and then it happens aaaa the first blow is administered to the left side of my head. "what was i supposed to do you told me to, you made me?????" i don't know why i even bothered, HE didn't hear me.

"YOU FUCKING SLUT! YOU ARE A WORTHLESS PIECE OF SHIT!" the last phrase is one of HIS favorites in fact HE makes me say it about myself sometimes "i am a worthless piece of shit" i believe it sometimes, most of the time. as if the words weren't enough i

get hit, smashed, smacked, punched the whole way home. It's a long way home. I wanna go home, where is home? home's supposed to be safe.

Then, HE passes out thank god. I carry HIM into the house, my five foot three 118 pound body carries HIS dead weight drunk six foot three 145 pound asshole self to bed. Just like I did so many times, we're home. I go home, but I'm not home. home should be safe. I don't have home.

You know, it didn't happen every day, but it didn't have to, once should've been enough. I WASN'T DUMB! I TRIED TO LEAVE. A LOT! you fucking try to leave with a gun at your head. I dare you. It came to the point where I didn't have to get shot. I DIED. INSIDE. I walked and talked and breathed and shit but I was not living anymore. now I am trying to be alive but I'm still afraid. I don't even know if it's worth it. I've been away from HIM and alcohol for over a year. HE left ME, finally. but HE still exists, in reality and in my mind and I'm terrified. HE is out of proportion and above the law. It's all I can do to wake up and that's only one person one time in my life and there are more where that came from. and I wanna be - sedated, related, elated, past high, great, a date, eight plus sixteen, better, get a letter, wear a sweater light, thrive, drive, be alive and o.k., see a show, tie a bow, let it go away, panty raid, good grade, and mostly UNAFRAID.



PIGS IN THE STREETS



BUT THE STREETS
BELONG TO THE PEOPLE!



DIG IT?



The liberal articulates his sensitivity to certain of society's intolerable details, but will almost never prescribe methods of resistance which exceed the limits of legality—redress through electoral channels is the liberal's panacea.

In the heat of our pursuit for fundamental human rights, Black people have been continually cautioned to be patient. We are advised that as long as we remain faithful to the *existing* democratic order, the glorious moment will eventually arrive when we will come into our own as full-fledged human beings.

(— ANGELA DAVIS)



Throughout history, China had been invaded by outsiders. The agrarian society never had the opportunity to fully recover from the impact of the previous wars. The instability of the economy in the 1940s forced many Chinese people to leave their homeland to seek work in the nearby colonies.

Ma Choy, my mama, remembered that many of the people from Taishan, a small village near Guangzhou, journeyed to Hong Kong to escape hunger and starvation. The Taishan people migrated to Hong Kong for it was relatively close to their village. The people who stayed in Taishan were subject to work from dawn to dusk and rationed to one bowl of rice a day. During these years, many people died from starvation than killed in previous battles. The government confiscated all the agricultural goods produced by the people and exported them to raise capital to reconstruct the economy.

As China continued to be torn by internal upheaval, my grandmother encouraged her daughter, Ma Choy, to accept Tin's proposal of marriage. Ma Choy left China in 1949, shortly before the Communists came to power, to marry Tin in Hong Kong. My parents wanted to have seven children because a family with nine members symbolized the "nine dragons" which meant strength and prosperity in the Chinese culture. We only wanted to stay in Hong Kong long enough to save enough money to escape the colonization under the British empire. In 1977, my family and I left Hong Kong and traveled all over the Pacific. We immigrated to the U.S. in 1980.

It has been a continuous struggle to retain our cultural identity in a society which denies non-anglos their identity. Although the dominant group has emphasized "assimilation", into the

mainstream culture, our family has resisted the ideology of the melting pot. It is important to emphasize the physical differences between the Chinese and whites, thereby, "assimilation" has been difficult for non-anglos. Besides, we are very proud of our Chinese heritage and would like to maintain our cultural identity.

My mama has played a very important role in preserving and retaining our Chinese traditions. She would only allowed us to speak Taishan and Guangzhou language in her house. Her teachings were centered around collectivity rather than individuality. My mama maintained our Chinese culture through the vibrant folk tales; celebration of Chinese New Year and Moon Day; Budda religion; herbal medicine; food; and crafts which have been passed down from mother to daughter in China.

One of the family traditions in Ma Choy's family has been to serve dong with all Chinese holidays. Dong is made from sweet rice, beans, sun-dried sausage, salt-cured egg, peanuts, and black mushrooms---then wrapped carefully with bamboo leaves and secured with strings. The women and children in the family would gathered around the dining table to prepare dong and tell each other stories about their experiences in China.

The Taishan people were given few days notice before Japan's invasion of China. The peasants worked vigorously night and day to prepare for their hide-outs in the hills. The women and children were given the responsibility to make dong. While the women prepare the rice, beans, cured eggs, etc., the children gathered and washed the bamboo leaves. Later, the women threw batches of dong into the boiling water and cooked them. Ma Choy was allowed to eat one dong each day during the war.



My grandmother taught mama how to prepare dong in China.

Ma Choy was very close to her mama. The bonding of mother and daughter relationship made it very difficult for either person to part from one another. When my grandmother urged Ma Choy to go to Hong Kong to marry Tin, the decision was made out of the love she had for Ma Choy. The political-economic turmoil during 1949 in China was unsafe for many Chinese people. Ma Choy also realized the instability of her homeland, thereby, followed her mama's wishes.

My relationship with mama is also very close. She has made many sacrifices with her own life so that i can have a college education. My way of thanking and appreciating her has been to excel in school. I think my good grades has made her and the Chinese community very proud. I don't get good grades for myself but for others who had sacrificed their personal goals to help me get where i am today.

ONLY SHE SAID SHE LOVED ME
SHE ONLY SAID SHE LOVED ME
SHE SAID ONLY SHE LOVED ME
SHE SAID SHE ONLY LOVED ME
SHE SAID SHE LOVED ONLY ME
SHE SAID SHE LOVED ME ONLY




Mama have never complained about discriminatory practices in the work force or white world. Yet I remembered i used to run home from school in tears and to tell her about the abusiveness from the white children and teachers. She always knew and understood the problems i was having in school. Mama taught me never to say anything that would take attention away from the white children. She told me to keep a low profile and an over-achiever, minority student would only alienate herself from her classmates. Mama's advice was for my own safety in the white world.



However, looking back on my mother's experience, I have realized that she has suffered tremendously from discrimination. The reason for this has to do with the fact that even though she was educated in China, the only employment she could attain was a dishwashing job. I remembered she used to work anywhere from 10 to 16 hours a day. She was denied economic mobility due to her English proficiency. As I get older, I understood the terrible discriminatory practices she went through and the sacrifices she made for her family.

Lainga




WE ARE READY
TO REVOKE YOUR
PRIVILEGE

FUCK OFF MAN!

When I was little my dad used to come into my room to read me stories and tuck me into bed every night. I remember now; on some nights he would smile in this really strange way, and shut the door behind him. Sometimes he would masturbate on the edge of my bed, or on the chair by my crib, sometimes. Other nights he would pick me up and put my mouth on his hard penis and I couldn't fit it all inside but I had to try for daddy and it hurt so much but I couldn't cry 'cause if I did mommy would hear and she wouldn't understand, he said. It hurt the most when he would try and put his penis inside my infant vagina and he had to gag me then, because he knew I couldn't help but scream, and he understood. He told me he wished there was something he could do, but he didn't know what since my diapers had to be changed., I was out of diapers much earlier than most other kids, my mom told me. I was potty trained but that didn't help because my dad had to change me into my nightie anyway. So he would rub his penis around and then shove shove shove shove, but always careful not to make me bleed on my sheets. he was so careful, so logical about it all. He would always tell me to be grateful for what he was doing, because no other man would ever want me. AS IF I knew what all this meant when I was fucking two years old anyway.

So now I'm older and men do want me but the way they want can be so sick, and my insides are twisted. I never talk about what my dad did to me; I used to but my friends acted so strange about it all. It wasn't treated like an event in my life, it was treated like a stigma, a tragic handicap I can never overcome. It was a big deal to me, but I don't want to be treated as an object to be pitied. Sometimes my friends don't believe me and maybe it's not true because I was so young and my dad said I had a lot of nightmares but why would a baby dream about rape? What I want is to be able to talk about this without feeling like I've stepped out of line. I'm tired of having theoretical, philosophical conversations about sexual assault but not feeling comfortable enough to say "it happened to me". All the burden of this experience must be mine alone. So how that you've read this my experience belongs to you, so deal with it.



think again.

Chapter III

IN THE WILDERNESS

The Many Myths of Masturbation

When I started working on this story I got some pretty strange reactions. My sister blushed. My boyfriend is still blushing. And the nice lady at the library, who helped me find some books on the subject, will never be the same again. In the course of my sometimes embarrassing research into masturbation I discovered three things: only dihard Dr. Ruth types seem able to look you in the eye when they say the word; virtually everybody does it (though virtually no one admits it); and there are more myths about masturbation than there are about Zeus.

By Karen Catchpole

Okay. I know you know that I know that you know what masturbation is (maybe you call it jerking off, a hand job, beating off etc.). What you probably don't know (and I didn't for ages) is the truth about it. I mean some people still believe that if you masturbate, terrible things will happen to you-- real wrath of god stuff. And these are the '90s (that's the 1990s, not the 1790s). So, once and for all, here's the truth about masturbation.

FIRST MYTH: Masturbation causes blindness/epilepsy/barrenness/impotence/fainting fits/hairy palms/madness/schizophrenia/dry brains (I kid you not)/homosexuality/softness of the spine/lethargy/dark circles under the eyes (and you thought it was lack of sleep)/laziness/loss of pubic hair/tumors/constipation/even death.

If this were true, most of the people on the planet (see next myth) would be in serious, serious trouble. The idea that bad things happen to those who masturbate got started during the 18th century when some fool misinterpreted a story in the Bible about a guy named Onan who used the withdrawal method of contraception and was allegedly punished for it by god. Even though the withdrawal method is not masturbation and the story had nothing to do with masturbation (masturbation is never even mentioned in the Bible), 'Onanism' became a commonly used term for it. Next thing you know, people started believing that anyone who masturbated would be punished by god, and that accounts for a lot of the hysterical myths surrounding the subject. Soon doctors (yes, doctors) were performing horrifying 'cures' like the complete removal of the clitoris (that's the round, bulby, sensitive part of the vagina right at the front near the pubic hair) and blistering of the thighs and genitals with hot tongs. One particularly gory story goes like this: In 1894 a seven year old girl from Ohio was caught masturbating by her parents. They took her to a hospital where doctors buried her clitoris inside her labia (the flap of skin that forms the outer lip of the vagina) with four sterling silver stitches. The girl--following her natural sexual instincts--just pulled the stitches out and started masturbating again. So, mustering all their up-to-the-minute, authoritative "medical wisdom," the doctors cut her entire clitoris out. (I guess they didn't malpractice back then.) The scary thing is, these 'cures' were still being recommended in medical journals in America and Europe as late as 1940.

The next time you've got nothing better to do--like in between copies of *Girl Gerns*--look around. Most of the people you see--including your Spanish teacher, your brother's girlfriend, your boss at work--masturbate. Research (yes, they pay people to ask questions about this stuff) shows that 95 percent of males and at least 70 percent of females masturbate and 90 percent of the overall population have done it at least once by the time they're 21. Women generally masturbate more after the age of 30-- the fact that the female sex drive peaks between age 25 and 35 probably has something to do with this. But how frequently you do it depends on how strong your personal sex drive is and how comfortable you are with the idea of masturbating. Some girls told me they do it almost as often as they brush their teeth (that's three times a day for those of you who haven't been to the dentist lately). "I masturbate every day before and after school," says one 15-year-old. "I'm addicted." On the other hand, some girls never masturbate. "Every time I try to masturbate I'm dry and unstimulated," 13-year-old Erin said. "I don't like it." Either way you're okay because there's no rule that says how much or how little you should masturbate-- or whether you should do it at all. Just make your own decision based on what you think is right.

THIRD MYTH: Masturbation is bad for you.

Masturbation is only bad for you if you feel so guilty about it that you develop an unhealthy attitude toward it. In reality, masturbation can be one of the best ways of getting to know your body. A lot of women who have trouble having an orgasm (the physical and mental sensation you feel when you reach a sexual climax) with a partner during intercourse are actually encouraged to masturbate by doctors and psychologists so they can teach themselves how to have one. Doctors (they've come a long way in the last 200 years or so) also recommend masturbation to relieve menstrual cramps and as a way to get rid of sexual tension without having actual intercourse which can result in getting pregnant or perpetuating a sexually transmitted disease.

FOURTH MYTH: If you masturbate you're not a virgin.

Sixteen-year-old Telita wrote us a letter saying: "I want to masturbate, but I'm worried I won't be a virgin anymore." Take it from me Telita (and all the rest of you who are worried about this): Masturbation is not the same thing as intercourse. So even if you insert fingers or dildos (the fake plastic penises advertised in the back of those magazines under your big brother's mattress) or vibrators (battery operated dildos) or whatever (with a reason girls) you're still a virgin. Sometimes masturbating stretches the hymen (the thin membrane that covers the entrance to the cervix), but it's probably already stretched or even broken from sports (like horse back riding or gymnastics or circus contortionism) or just from using tampons. And even if you break the hymen, that doesn't mean you've lost your virginity.



FIFTH MYTH: You don't have a real orgasm when you masturbate.

Wrong. Research shows that women reach orgasm more often through masturbation than through intercourse and many say those orgasms are much more intense. But no matter how great it feels, masturbation probably won't make you want to give up sex with another person. It will just help you learn about your body-- what feels good and what doesn't (you know, all that stuff your health teacher skips over).

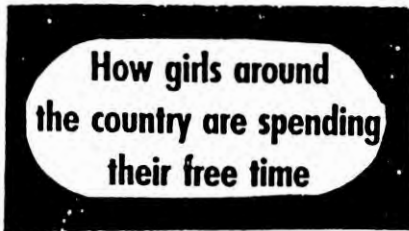
SIXTH MYTH: You can hurt yourself masturbating.

"I've been masturbating for two years," writes another worried reader. "Am I hurting myself?" The truth is, you'd have to be forcing sharp or very big objects into your vagina before you'd do any damage. Most common forms of masturbation-- like touching and rubbing the clitoris and/or inserting fingers, vibrators or dildos-- are very unlikely to cause any kind of damage no matter how often or vigorously you do it.

SEVENTH MYTH: There is only one way to masturbate.

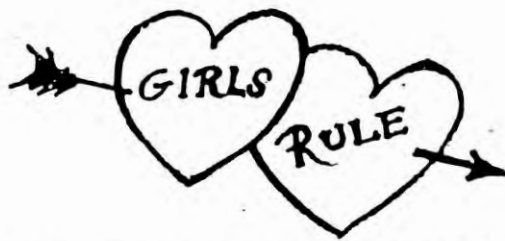
There are as many ways to masturbate as there are people who do it. (In other words, a lot). Most girls (according to our fearless researchers) masturbate by rubbing the clitoris with their fingers or a pillow, by applying pressure to it with a stream of water, or by squeezing their thighs together. Three-fourths of women who masturbate prefer to lie on their backs while rubbing the clitoris with their hands. The rest prefer to do it while lying on their stomachs, and 20 percent insert fingers, vibrators or dildos into the vagina. But you won't find any summer school course in masturbation technique. It's just one of those things that comes naturally. Fantasies are usually part of masturbation too, in fact some women can have an orgasm just by having a fantasy without touching themselves at all. Fantasies can be about anything or anybody that may turn you on. A girl I talked to liked to fantasize about sex with an older man; another imagined being with a teacher. Some girls think about having sex with a girlfriend. These fantasies don't necessarily represent your character (I don't care what Freud would say). So don't freak out if you fantasize about getting raped* or about having sex with your brother-- it doesn't mean you really want that to happen.

I'd bet money that none of you will be rushing off to school to tell all your friends about whether or not you masturbate. And that's fine. I'm not planning any public speaking tours on the subject either. But at least you know enough not to fear it, or feel guilty about it and not to do it if you don't want to. But if you feel like doing it (or if you already are), now you've got the truth. Mission accomplished.



*Karen
Catchpole*

* Editor's Note: "Fantasizing about getting raped" doesn't equal rape in that rape is about power/control over someone (usually a woman), and when a person is fantasizing, they are in control of the situation-- she is in control of the fantasy. Obviously, this type of fantasizing says a lot about our culture/society, and you may not agree with the point just made so we welcome any confrontation/debate from readers on this subject. *Cont.*



A SHOUT OUT TO THE SOUL FORCE...

One thing that I am finding a lot of comfort and inspiration from is all these girls, states-wide, that have surfaced. These women are young and down with the kids, down with the revolution. But I find their version of the revolution promises something to me that hither to has been ignored. Blatantly, these girls are demanding gender consciousness from both men and women. These women are saying to me (and I am saying to you): I AM NOT going to take shit fr. "the man" where ever "he" manifests "himself," either in the outside world (the square world) or in my friends I think of as good boys or cool boys or good girls or cool girls. I am saying I AM NOT going to scratch yr. eyes out in the girls room when the boys aren't around so that I won't be called a bitch. I AM NOT going to judge you because the jerky sweet boy i used to date, dates you now. Or because you unwittingly fucked him because maybe he didn't teil you the whole truth. I AM NOT going to talk about you behind yr. back because I don't know you. I AM NOT a fucking cat... I AM NOT going to call you the blonde groupie of yr. friends' band. I AM saying (and they are saying) that I am going to respect you from the start and make the assumption that you have a brain and a heart and that because yr. a girl, you know about the fight- OUR FIGHT with "the man." I am not a square and I don't think like a square and I don't bite like a square because I am out for the righteous fight. I will fight the good fight and not tug at yr. fur. And i fight hard to not be a jealous girl or a malicious girl. And i mean to make this a pushy point... revolutionary girl soul force... I said FORCE, mother fucker, i want to FORCE the issue. This injustice has been unsung too long. It's important that this revolution, this addressing of the issue is done because the rhetoric can shy one away from it's necessity. It's important to not be afraid when the rhetoric can seem alienating and hostile. But I am not hostile because I don't blame anyone, in particular. And i won't be hostile because i have to live and produce in this world: a world which I didn't create but am trying to find a place in. I don't think I'm irrate. But I am angry and I am aware. I don't feel inclined to point the finger but I am not afraid to give the finger when need be and if that's alienating than that's really tuff shit because somethings need to be done. And it is my intention to put this issue right up in yr. face, SEE, so we'll be face to face, SEE, with the fact, SEE, that sometimes, we stand against one another wrongly... And by seeing and saying: I WON'T-- when it may seem trite or hostile or obvious or self conscious, it creates the possibility of a time when we can leave these things be. But for now i take this ardent stand, to stand by my woman: to be for her and then maybe she can be for me. And I hear these girls, girls I don't know, girls I have never met, make these same promises and these same threats. They speak to me and I speak to you and I know our time has come... revolutionary girl soul force... wow.

Ms. LUV - SEE Smith

I was a very dykey-looking 13-year-old, with my short haircut, plain blouses, and knee-length skirts. (This was when very long hair and very short skirts were fashionable.) On my way home from school, sometimes groups of high-school boys would stop me, demand to know whether I was a boy or a girl, and threaten to rape me in order to find out.



Sleep little one sleep, take comfort in the night's embrace
 cause the morning sun will open your eyes and you'll see that you
 live in a fucked-up place. Sleep, little one, sleep, take comfort in
 any kind of embrace, the morning sun's gonna open your eyes and
 you live in a fucked-up place.

Oh, baby, I was like you once; I slept in a crib with yellow sheets.
 Now the sand in my eyes and the dirt on my feet and the sand in my
 mouth, and everyone just dreams of themselves anyway, don't they?
 No, you never asked no one for life but here you are in somebody
 else's world. And they'll say that the change can come through
 you but it should've come long ago. And how can things change when
 all of our dreams are unfurled?

The stars in your eyes are just shattered glass, and the dolls on the
 shelf will become the men in the gutter. And everyone dreams of somebody
 else.

Baby, I'll never sleep that way again until I die.

-Anna Springer (Blatz)



the
 gaze
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 ?

Black Panther party headquarters,
 Chicago, 1969



A

Dana
Younkins

A TOWN CALLED KALI FLOWER
A Continuing Saga

Here's a rundown of what happened in the second episode:

Milton lets on that he's interested in Vegan and they make goo-goo eyes over a wheatgrass juice.

Bill tries to get his cousin Daffodil to invest in stock for the Moola Boobyard, a farm growing organic breasts for transplants.

Phyllis shows Malcom the paper route and discovers he has a crush on Daffodil and that she may be falling for him herself.

The guitar feedback from the last note of the set rang in everyone's ears as they exited through the door to get some air and dry their perspiration. Vegan had peeled her sweater earlier and now carried it in the crook of her elbow expecting to be chilled once she made it outside. She had just seen Phyllis go through the door and was excited to hear her band Linoleum play the next set. Vegan was dreaming about a tall, cool V8 when she felt something smooth, hot and wet press against her arm in the crowd.

She turned her head and came face-to-face with a vibrant, sweaty, naked torso. The bicep was closest to her. It was slightly flexed and she visually traced the muscle up to the swell of the shoulder, then farther up to the prominent collar bone that glistened with salty moisture. Vegan felt her mouth water and a throbbing sensation between her legs. As if in a trance, she craned her neck to get a better look at the chest. It was satiny smooth with well-developed pectoral muscles; below them the hollow of the sternum and faint indentation of ribs were complemented by a flat stomach. As the scent of male torso wafted past her nose, Vegan felt so drawn she nearly collapsed. Taking advantage of a shift in the crowd the torso moved directly in front of her and exposed its back. It wasn't a back, but a piece of art. Wide shoulders accented by perfect shoulder blades, wrapped in two thick slabs of muscle tapering down to a trim waist. She made it to the door and the cool air cleared her head a little.

"Hey Vegan, what's up?" asked Phyllis.

"I'm on the brink of an orgasm. Check out that torso, can you believe it actually belongs to a man? It belongs on my wall, or maybe mounted above my bed."

"It's ok, I guess. That last band rocked. Have you seen Malcom? He said he was coming--"

"Ah, Phyllis, would you mind if we stood over there so I could get an unobstructed view of the torso," interrupted Vegan.

"Sure. I thought you had a thing for Milton, what's with all this torso lust?"

"I don't know, it's a lust-inspiring torso. I find objectifying men strangely empowering. Milton's different. I mean, I like his body, but he's a complete individual. He's here somewhere, by the way. I convinced him to come see your show, are you nervous?"

"I'm not sure my voice sounds all that good, I've had this cold, and I passed a dead bird on the way to the club--"

(Then there was the guy with the Bat attitude.)

Vegan! Bill waltzed over. "Nice nipples, ever hear of a bra?" he said smirking.

"Yeah, I just burned it." There was no way a lame ass like Bill was going to make her feel self-conscious about wearing a halter top, thought Vegan. Without a second glance Bill left to talk to his brother Milton.

"Hey Bill, I thought you were too smooth for shows," said Milton.

"Sweating like a pig with hyper freaks isn't my idea of a good time. I'm cruising on three legs for buxom blond teenage girls, if you know what I mean. I've been putting up these flyers for the Moola Boobyard, there's an informational meeting next week and I'm hoping to attract some potential investors. You want to hand some flyers out for ol' brother Bill?"

"No."

Bill turned to go and said, "Whatever. See ya."

Milton searched the crowd and caught sight of Vegan. He moved towards her in a way he hoped looked cool and indifferent. She looked strangely flushed and seemed to be hanging on to Phyllis for support.

"Vegan. Hi. Are you all right?"

"Milton, yeah, I'm fine. Just catching my breath. I thought I'd go get a V8, want to come?" Vegan gave him a big smile, hoping she wouldn't have to deal with any kind of jealousy scene. Milton really was a dreamboat, she liked his boyish looks.

"Ok, but I'll probably get a Jolt. I had a vegetable serving yesterday. Hey Phyllis, see you in a couple of minutes." Vegan and Milton strolled off into the darkness and Phyllis saw their arms entwine, then she absentmindedly glanced around for Malcom.

"So, are we in tune or what?" asked Phyllis. The Linoleums were onstage and she hated delays; standing around under the lights, doing nothing, waiting for the band to get their shit together. "How do I turn this amp up?" she asked, not really expecting anyone to answer.

Phyllis talked into the mike, "Are we ready? Ok. Ah- we're Linoleum, thanks for coming out." She glanced at the bass player who started strumming a deep, harsh rhythm sounding like death itself. The drummer started thumping and a cymbal shimmered in time with the bass. Phyllis slowly gyrated, holding the mike with both hands, her head slightly bowed to avoid the bright lights. Her mouth opened:

This is warning
For the pimps to move on
'cause the new woman is too strong
She's had enough of rape and misery
It's time to kill the patriarchy," Phyllis could feel the sweat beading up around her eyebrows.

Slavery started with Eve so
learn a lesson from goddess Kali
Eat their blood or drown in the cum
of an all male kingdom
Kill the patriarchy! The band laid into the beat and the crowd began screaming and writhing. The center of the club was taken over by the mosh crew. Phyllis lost herself pounding out lyrics-

Free your mind from sexist oppression
and set yourself for the girl revolution
Don't diss me cause we won't be thwarted
A set back 'cause our sister it's plain to see
--is lost in a male supremacy

You won't see me get played
I've got an Uzi to make him spade
He kills for sport or lust or greed
I kill to fuck the patriarchy
Dead men don't rape you see
We spill your guts to be free
Kill the mother-fuckin' patriarchy!"

Phyllis was hot and everyone knew it. Malcom stood at the back of the club watching her. Then he glanced over at Daffodil who had just walked in the door. He wasn't sure what to think.



You know
theres got to
be another
one.....

October 7, 1992

Dear Germ Girls,

by Tracy Aileen C.

I just saw an article about you in the Indianapolis paper. I think it's so great - you're right! don't talk to the press! Don't let them make you cute, don't let them put a "girl phrase guide" in the entertainment section of the Sunday paper, don't let them call you "Wayne and Garth's girlfriends"! I feel so generations gapped - all the girls whose ages were mentioned are 17 or 19, and when I was 19 I was engaged. I'm 23 now - I just found out that a relative of a friend of mine, who's my age, graduated the same year I did, was in the same advanced-study programs (they call them magnets) in the same school system, had the almost the same GPA and a 20-point lower SAT total, is trying to make up his mind which of two all-expense paid scholarships he's going to accept. Meanwhile I'm going to the state university that has to take everyone. Must be nice to have a dick. Makes you more academically qualified, don't you know.

I don't know what it's like out in Washington, but I was one of the last of my friends to get married. A girl I know just got married last month - she's only eighteen and they've been together less than a year, and he won't open a joint checking account with her because he "knows how women are" and wants to spend "his" money the way he wants (even though she has a job). That's Indiana for you. I married a man that I thought was the most feminist, principled guy I ever met, and ... well ... the nicest thing he said to me lately was calling me his "pet woman". He's sulking all the time, acting like it's my job to take care of him, telling me how sweet I am (his code for "I love you when you're saintly and patient") and that I'm such a good woman not to leave him (but presumably not under any other circumstances).

The "women's" "community" out here is as white as a Klansman's dick. One local leader summed it up when she told me that any work I do for queer rights "doesn't count" because I'm bisexual and so by definition I can't be part of their community (and I can't be part of their community because everyone knows bisexuals don't work toward queer rights, anyway there aren't any so how can we,) and saying that "If it was my issue I suppose I'd care." (I wonder if racism is her issue. I think I know.) Yes, everyone knows that the only things worth fighting for are the ones that help you get ahead, and you can only get ahead relative to other people - so if they try to make an alliance with you, don't let them! Remember - anything they get is something you're not getting.

I could go on and on ... about how I was a straight-A student (the only way I've ever been straight) and held down a full-time job in high school, but my parents said I wasn't responsible enough to learn to drive ... but my little brother had a D average, flunked every English class he took and graduated a semester late, but got his license and a car a couple of months after he turned sixteen (it would have been right away, but he wrecked Mom's car on the way to his first driving test and flunked the second one.) About all the teachers who told me to spend less time studying and more time flirting. About how I used to throw up five times a day because I figured if I couldn't be straight I'd have to be perfect at everything else. About the fast food jobs where they only train girls to run the registers, then train the guys on all the jobs and make them managers. The managers get paid a third more than you do, even though you can do everything better and faster, but they won't give you the official recognition you need for the promotion because "you're so good on the registers, that's where we need you". About the guitar teacher who told me, "You know, you're pretty good. You play better than some guys."

I'm sending this letter to a couple of zines - I hate to send form letters but the information in this article is so scanty that I can't really tell much about any one of them, just that I like the attitude.

"Burn down the walls that say you can't?" Yeah, and break down the walls that keep us apart.

X X X

20

Chapter IV

THE GREAT TRIBULATION

Allison and I had a conversation with Rebecca Odes of the band LOVE CHILD on Saturday July 27th, right before we played a show in New York. We had seen Love Child play the week before in D.C., and we were going to do the interview then, but things like this are really hard to get organized. So when we got to New York, we called her and we met before the show. Since there was no place to do the interview at the club, we went out on the street to talk about stuff. It was cool to listen to the tape of our conversation 'cuz there's all this New York noise in the background. Dogs barking, car radios blaring, horns honking, and shithead harrassing. Rebecca is an artist who went to college at Vassar, and last semester she was in a graduate painting program in Chicago. Love Child has been a band for like four years, and they are completely great. They have this song called "know it's alright" that Allen sings that's so awesome, it goes: 'what you gonna say when I'm out of your way... and I blow you away, and I blow you away... it's alright... it's alright...' there are also these incredible screams. This song, along with the 6 incredible ones that Rebecca sings are on their new record "OKAY?" on Homestead. I would advise you to check it out. Okay?

EG: When we interview girls in bands we like to ask them questions about their experience in music, but also, since you're in a band with boys, maybe you could talk about that too.

Rebecca: Well, I don't know. I mean, there's definitely things, ideas that girls have about music that are different from boys. I mean I haven't played with that many girls so I don't really know, but I feel like since boys have been playing music for their whole lives; I mean Allen has been playing guitar since he was 10, and he thinks he knows every thing. I mean I never tried and that's why I didn't play music before, because when I would try to practice something, it was just much to much work, and I would just rather draw or something that wouldn't require to much practice for me. And I just wasn't in to the monotony of learning scales or even hurting my fingers to learn chords when I started. I tried to play guitar when I was 12, but it was too much trouble. Sometimes Allen gets frustrated at how I can just not remember how the song went. We hardly ever practice, we try to practice before every show if it's been more that two weeks since the last show. We're completely lax, and then he gets really mad if I forget how a song went especially if I wrote it. He thinks it should be ingrained on my skull since I wrote it... I just don't think that girls are encouraged to pursue it when they're younger, so I think it's a totally different way of looking at it when you're older and you pick it up. You're more conscious of the idea that you don't need to learn to play to do it. So you don't really go through intensive training or lessons. I mean, I never had lessons or anything; someone taught me how to play "wild thing" and that was it and then I taught myself listening to records and the boys in my band abusing me in practice to learn our songs so... I had some problems with the guy who use to be in our band, and I guess isn't really anymore (Will), 'cuz he's constantly moving to different cities. He used to sort of try to control me in weird ways, like what I wore and shit. The first show we played they told me I couldn't wear what I was wearing 'cuz I was wearing a dress & they thought it was too fancy and "we're not a fancy band, we're a Punk rock band". I mean not that I should put sugar water in my hair or anything, but they didn't want me to wear this cocktail dress. It was really irritating, I don't know what his problem was, we had a lot of difficulties in general. Hey, we're gonna be playing with Shonen Knife at CBCB's in August.

gg: NO WAY!

R: yeah, august 16. It's the best show we've ever been on. Shonen Knife is my mom's favourite band. She's gonna be totally dying.

gg: Do you have any ideas on how womens issues like rape etc. enter in to the arena of music, experiences, whatever.



R: well, I guess my most specific experience has been with my parents and their reaction to things like the way I dress, and the way I conduct myself, in that they think it's gonna somehow fuck me up later in life. ...the first thing that ever happened with this was when we played at CBGB's like 3 years ago and I was wearing a short mini-skirt and my dad had come to pick up my sister 'cuz she had just seen us play, and my dad started yelling at me while I was standing outside of CBGB's that my skirt was too short, and there were like 15 people standing around and he's yelling at me; and he's not even that dictatorial or anything, I guess he was just worried about it. This was actually when Tobl, and Billy, and Calvin were staying at my parents house in N.J. 'cuz we had just played with the Go Team, and my dad called me into his office to talk about it. He said: "I just want to let you know that it's not that I don't trust you. It's just that I think you are too trusting. You know you just can't walk around like that". And I got so angry that he was just buying into the whole "asking for it" thing. That's when I wrote this song that's now called "asking for it", that's sort of about being harassed. I sort of tried to tell him that, although I'm not quite sure it's true, but that when you're on stage, it's sort of a safe place to be. where you're not at risk in such a real way. It's hard 'cuz there are times when I feel so hysterical about the idea of being raped that I just don't want to leave the house. But I feel like sometimes you just have to ignore your hysteria and go out or you wont be able to function. It's just not cool. It's fucked up.

gg: since you guys don't practice that much, how much of the songwriting do you do. Does Allen write what he sings and you write what you sing?

R: Well, mostly that's been happening recently. In the beginning I hardly even knew how to play bass, so I wasn't big in the song writing thing. Then, I started writing songs. At first I sang two songs that Will wrote, and then I started writing some songs and singing them, and on the album that just came out I wrote like 4 songs I think, and then there's the two songs that Will wrote that I sing. And then I guess recently since Will hasn't really been in the band Allen and I have written a lot of songs together, which is pretty good I guess.

Oh yeah it's good. You can write Rebecca and Love Child c/o Homestead Records, P.O. Box 800, Rockville Center, NY 11571-0800. Their lp is probably \$7 if you can't find it at your local record shop.

LOVE CHILD

This is my TOP 10. extended dance remix.
produced by revolution (summer) girl style now.

1. New York Drummer Girl Scene

I read a lot last spring about this east coast Love Rock scene that was emerging, skepticism aside, I was intrigued by the fact that all the bands forced to live under the love rock shadow had girl drummers. Two months later I have the fortune to see most of these bands and meet these girls and they are so fucking rad. The bands and girls I'm talking about specifically are Rachel from SLEEPYHEAD, Torry from FLYING SAUCER, and Rachel from KICKING GIANT. They are all incredibly cool, and actually three of the nicest people I've ever met.

Kicking Giant and Sleepyhead have a split E.P. coming out this fall on Shimmy Disc (JAF Box 1187; NY, NY 10016).

Flying Saucer has a single coming out on Teen Beat (P.O. Box 50373 W.D.C. 20091), as well as an EP on Homestead (P.O. Box 800 Rockville center, NY 11571-0800).

It just seems like a really cool thing that all these girls are in bands and they're all friends, and that there is something cool & exiting going on in New York. I really like New York.

2. International Pop Underground + I.P.U. convention.

Things about this convention thing that excite me include:

- a- Girl day... 'cuz it is the revolution!
- b- Rich Jensen live at the capitol theater.
- c- Spoken word scene
- d- Sleepyhead--Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet--Melvins
- e- Mecca Normal
- f- Three Headcoats
- g- Unwound
- h- Courtney Love
- i- P.O.T.A. (all 5, even though I'm already an orangutan and have been for some time now).
- j- Kill Rock Stars LP-- the real soundtrack to revolution with such shining stars as Jad fair, N.O.U., Bikini Kill, Witchyppo, bratmobile, Nirvana, the list goes on dude. Can you even believe it?

P.R.D.C.T.

(PUNK ROCK DREAM COME TRUE)

get this record from Kill Rock Stars c/o Slim Moon
1123 s. adams No. 418, Olympia, WA 98501 \$8 (I think)



→ Box 7154, 014 WA
98507
USA

International Pop Underground Convention
August 20-25, 1991, Olympia, Wash., U.S.A.

3. KICKING GIANT

K.G. was in **SASSY** the same month as G.G. was reviewed and they had a girl in it so I was interested but the blab said something about Love Rock, and even though the woman who wrote it Christina is my friend now, then I had this really bad attitude about: "well who is this writer anyway, what does she know about love rock", it hums me out in retrospect. Anyway, Allison writes to K.G., because she thinks they sound cool & I'm still kind of ho-hum about it all. She gets their cassette in the Mall from Tae & I like it alright. Their Harmonies are so great, and I look at the cassette, and I see it was recorded by kramer and I'm like Hmmm... God, please understand I was feeling and acting like a jerk last spring. Production values (I think that's what you call them really mean nothing to me.) Anyway, the K.G. are all

set to play this NO Nukes benefit here in d.c. w/Courtney Love, and Jonny Cohen, and TSUNAMI in June. so I'm stoked and Allison writes them letters and Tae writes her & he comes to visit & I like him & then Rachel comes & she's sooo cool & we hang out & I see them PLAY & my life is changed.
no lie.

...Then next month we (bratmobile) have a show in NYC w/ K.G. and GHIA PET and we all hang out for two days and nights and it's incredible fun and just incredible. (see more on this night in Tae & Rachel's new fanzine I don't know the name of yet, you can write us here for more info.)

Anyway, our show was really great, and Erin runs into allison during our last song because I think they both had their eyes closed (I did), and All this exiting stuff happens. And then I get my tape of Kicking Giant's new Demo with GIRLY SOUNDS on it as well as book of Love's girl power anthem "BOY", and I go home to d.c. to listen to this tape & play a show w/ fugazi (also awesome to me); and I realize that Kicking Giant & bratmobile are soul bands to be together. Their new song "this sex says" is one of my true favourites and has a line that goes: "I can't touch my skin... it means everything.... please don't touch my skin... it means everything. PLEASE don't touch MY!"

Rachel plays standing up, is part of the NYC drummer girl scene, and sings a beautiful acapella song that consistently makes me tear up.

Tae pretends to be James brown by also pretending to faint and freaking the audience out. He can also balance his guitar on his nose like a circus seal.

Some people say they sound like Some Velvet Sidewalk, which is o.k. by me as they are one of my favorite bands; but I think this fact might bug some people. oh well.

K.G. break form & confront issues & are corny & sincere and in your face. I believe in Kicking Giant. FOREVER.



4. GIRLY SOUND

Girly Sound is this girl who is a band by herself. The first tape I heard of her was Allison's made by Tae who knows her. It was just voice and acoustic guitar & Allison said she asked Tae if she (G.S.) was folk and he was like: "Oh no, she would not be into that idea at all." But then Tae made me a cassette a couple of weeks back & he put 2 G.S. songs on it 'gigolo' and 'flower'; these songs are voice with electric guitar and they became my favourite songs. gigolo goes: "...and it gives me something to laugh about, 'cuz my real life ain't fuckin' funny.00000h lord... why...have... you... forsaken ...me?" So awesome and flower my extra special favourite song goes: "every time I see your face I get all wet between my legs.I want to fuck you like a dog I'll take you home and make you like it."

This song sounds like a round with two vocal tracks completely different from each other, and it's like nothing else I've ever heard. Totally inspirational. Infact it inspired me to start my new band Cruella de Ville, which is just me as of yet but I'm open to suggestions. As far as I know G.S., has only been writing songs since the war, she lives in Chicago now, but will probably be moving to somewhere else (Texas?) 'cuz she is sick of the concrete jungle. If I could remember her name or find her address I would ask her to move to Olympia & be in a band with me. But it's o.k. cuz I'll sit in my apartment & write songs & someday maybe we can trade tapes, or send each other songs and record tracks on

each others tapes & never meet face to face. but still be a band. Is this even feasible?

Maybe I should explain that her voice + her words + her melodies & guitar is what makes her songs so great. Tae says: "they are so honest & so true." and there is no fear in her voice or her words.



5. FUGAZI 'steady diet of nothing' LP/ Nation of Ulysses 13 pt. program to destroy America' L.P.

These are two new records being released this month or next month (August & September). They both totally fucking rule. They are on Dischord Records-3819 Beecher St. NW, W.D.C., 20007. \$7 each for the cassette or record, some more for the CD if you're into those. Both of these bands are on tour right now, playing some shows together, and will also be playing at the I.P.U. convention.

6. Sean Young

Should have been cat woman in Batman II. she didn't get the part, but she is a total fox, and one of the coolest chicks in Hollywood.

7. HYPOCROBRATS

I am a hypocrobrat. I think I am a hypocrobrat because I really believe in a lot of things, but living in really hard for me, and sometimes to slow down the process of impeding psychic and physical death, I contradict myself, am a hypocrit or do other fucked up things. I don't feel like contradicting myself in a good thing, but I do feel that circumstances in my life can help me rationalize something that others might construe as hypocritical. Some people call it 'falling off the edge', and that hurts me because I see a lot of my actions as survival techniques that I have developed naturally. I think feminist sex trade workers are hypocrobrats. It's like using the tools that are already existing, to help revolution; which won't happen in a day but can happen everyday... maybe if I can figure this out, I'll explain more later. One total hypocrobrat mantra is "well sure I could do that...BUT I DON'T HAVE TO!"



TABATHA
+
Bratmobile
= hypocrobrats 0069

8. JEZEBEL. 69

is a band that doesn't exist physically yet, but in five years time they will blow your mind. Details are still hazy, but more will be reported as the specifics are worked out.



Allison + Jane sittin in a tree....



Sharon Suture Cheslow ♡

9. RIOT GRRRL

Riot Grrrl is so much. It will end up being so much I am sure. right now it isn't anything concrete, it's not a fanzine or a group or anything specific, although it is also all of those things. As of now, it has been a mini fanzine, and there have been some girls who met once a week calling themselves riot grrrls, talking about issues in and outside of punk rock that are important to us. But I know, and I'm sure some of you know that it is gonna be something BIG.

... but we keep talking about what is riot grrrl and it's so hard to say 'cuz as far as I'm concerned all it really is, is an idea that could go far. There's no copywrite on the name so if you are sitting there reading this and you feel like you might be a riot grrrl then you probably are so call yourself one.

Major influences in me being a riot grrrl are:

- Olympia girl day girls
- candice
- Jenny & Kristin
- angry girl zine scene

-and all the girls I've met & hung out with this summer
-and my band.

...there's more too, boys & girls who make this world easier to exist in. Recognizing influence and importance in my life and trying to understand how big an impact the people in my life make and help me to understand the world and soul force and love and myself. It's good for me to see that although I am completely fucked up as an individual, I can also see that everyone else I know is probably fucked up in some way too, & that fact I dig sooo much.

Sometimes I get mad too though. See Hypocobrats.

10. - Revolution (summer) riot grrrl style now!



Tasha new mod rocks!

WHEN YOU MEET A LESBIAN: HINTS TO THE HETEROSEXUAL WOMAN

Do not run screaming from the room -- this is rude.

If you must back away, do so slowly and with discretion.

Do not assume she is attracted to you.

Do not assume she is not attracted to you.

Do not assume you are not attracted to her.

Do not expect her to be as excited about meeting a heterosexual as you may be about meeting a lesbian -- she was probably raised with them.

Do not immediately start talking about your boyfriend or husband in order to make it clear that you are straight -- she probably already knows.

Do not tell her that it is sexist to prefer women -- that people are people and she should be able to love everybody. Do not tell her that men are as oppressed by sexism as women and women should help men fight their oppression. These are common fallacies and should be treated as such.

Do not ask her how she got this way -- instead, ask yourself how you got that way.

Do not assume that she is dying to talk about being a lesbian.

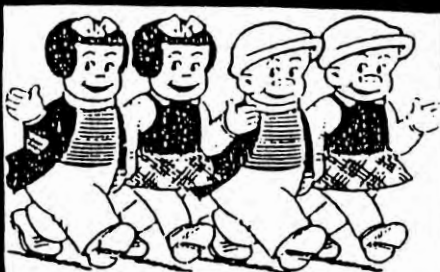
Do not expect her to refrain from talking about being a lesbian.

Do not trivialize her experience by assuming it is a bedroom issue only -- she is a lesbian twenty-four hours a day.

Do not assume that because she is a lesbian she wants to be treated like a man.

Do not assume that her heart will leap with joy if you touch her arm (condescendingly? -- Flirtatiously? -- Power-testingly?). It makes her angry.

If you are tempted to tell her she is taking the easy way out, think about that



QUEER NATION

sadie benning secret star
by tae

Last night I wanted so much to be alone and go to the Gay and Lesbian Film Fest going on right now. The screening I went to was so great! It was the videoworks of Teen (18) Rad Lesbian filmmaker Sadie Benning. She makes these short diary videos, just pointing her Fischer-Price camera into her eye and mouth and confronting the viewer with her life and they're intercut with words written on paper and shots of TV and whatever's in her environment. They all make a beautiful sense of all us thinking that we're the only ones in our world (walls) thinking thoughts and secret languages unheard in the world. "My friend was raped by a Black man now she's a racist skinhead Nazi, it's easy to get trapped when you have an excuse." I can't even describe to you what this is all about because this was something I couldn't look at like I can look at your face and say. I hope you get a chance to see her work, it's really crucial. She lives in Milwaukee and her name is Sadie Benning.



Girl

Sadie Benning secret star. Sadie Benning has been making videos since she was 15. She's 18 now and she still uses the same Fischer-Price pixel camera she started with. The camera uses an audio cassette and the images recorded look broken and scattered like all your belongings were left out and you just don't know where to begin. But you begin and give breath to your stupid dreams spoken in secret languages that you never thought anyone else dreamt but you. Most of Sadie's videos are about being young and queer with all the rules of the world keeping you inside. So even if you have to whisper to begin, you begin. But being young and queer or just being young and questioning what's expected of you, you know there are no rules. Sadie takes her camera and points it to her beautiful eyes and these eyes start talking and they talk shit, about herself being with a boy when she was 12-- he was 16, they made out and then he went to the bathroom and jacked off, and how she started kissing girls kissing girls.

Sadie Benning and her videos are important to me, not just because she's a girl, not just because she's queer, not just because she's a teenager, but mostly because when she decided to open up her diaries to the public, I understood for a moment that you can't stop knowing/questioning yourself. The world will always ask Who are you? What are you? What are your goals? What have you done? And if you answer them, you're history to them. I'm a queer I'm a het I'm a boy and a girl and whose rules do you want to live by? Sadie's been making these tapes for 3 years and on the surface it's her and her dyke identity, and if you cut out the classifications they are tools of questioning all of the potential within us, to begin even if you can only muster a whisper to start.



Sadie Benning

WITH SADIE

Shooting (and sometimes editing in-camera) with a cheap plastic video camera, Sadie Benning has created a series of deeply personal, artistically deft and politically charged works documenting her evolving state of mind. Her work, rising from the soul of her adolescence, is a gift to her audience. Recent videos resonate with a collective gay experience. We have all been young and, like Benning, we have had to fight for understanding in a homophobic world. Her black and white pixel-poetry speaks loudly—not from a distanced reminiscence but from the present. The immediacy of her work combined with an evolving political savvy and humor will provoke, intrigue and entertain her audience.

NEW YEAR

USA 1989
Video B/W 4 mins.
Benning's first video made at age 15 is a testament to the power of the "cheap and dirty." Beyond conscious glitches, raw audio cuts and an intuitive visual grace lies a stunning piece of truth and art. And it's just a hint of what's to come.

LIVING INSIDE

USA 1989
Video B/W 4 mins.
Benning has a way of capturing a sense of place. This short is her farewell to high school.

ME AND RUBYFRUIT

USA 1989
Video 4 mins.
Benning captures the intensity and pleasure of Rita Mae Brown's *Rubyfruit Jungle* as passionately as Brown herself. This emotionally charged coming-out video was inspired by Brown's book: "I had read *Rubyfruit Jungle* for the first time when I was 13 or 14 — [I] started reading it and I was like, 'I'm just like this character,' and I would always think about [her]. I just stayed in my room and then I made ME AND RUBYFRUIT."

IF EVERY GIRL HAD A DIARY

USA 1990
Video B/W 6 mins.
More teen gutsiness and wisdom told through handscrawled paper scraps and the voice of the videomaker: "You know I've been waiting for that day to come when I could walk the streets and people would look at me and say, 'that's a dyke' and if they didn't like it they would fall into the center of the earth and deal with themselves. Maybe they'd return, but they'd respect me..."

JOLLIES

USA 1990
Video B/W 11 mins.
Opening with a pixel porn scene between two Barbie dolls and progressing to a close up kiss between the videomaker and another girl, Benning chronicles her sexual history. Interspersed are frank re-tellings of teenage sexual experiences—all told with a funny edge.

A PLACE CALLED LOVELY

NEW YORK PREMIERE
USA 1991
Video B/W 20 mins.
Benning's most recent work deals with growing up in a violent world. In it, she recounts difficult memories of her childhood and questions the societal standards that allow violence to exist. Her rebellious questioning and desire for justice make this work one of her most serious yet.

—Ellen Spiro

HERS

Juvenile Gangs: Aberration or Adaptation II



HOT CHOCOLATE CITY 011

The Right Honorable Allison:

Thank you for your most gracious reply. I was quite astounded by your knowledge of my reaction to your postcard. The D.C./Oregon/Olympia communication network is truly of this rocket age. But let it be known that I was quite taken by your postcard selection (what could be more Ulyssean than kid sailors flippin' the bird?!) and was extremely pleased to learn of the success of the tape I sent you kids. Girl Germa '2, Punka Dead! HOT was the whirlwind, two-handed, never-stop attack I always expect it to be. Plus cool pics of I.D.C. and The N.O.U. kids (pp. 26) and great articles which leave no doubt in my mind that C. is a publication with a program to be reckoned with. I'm sorry my letter perplexed you no. Most of the time my correspondence consists of made-up stories and fibs (it's good to be enigmatic). This is the first coherent letter I've written in some time. And since you wish to be a girl in the know - I shall attempt to answer the burning questions enclosed in your last letter.

ON BOXING: I box Queensbury Rules (regular boxing) and have never heard of Kao-Sal Galaxie, but know he has an incredible last name and probably is losing his brain blow by blow. I boxed for two years at Linley's boxing Club (D.C.'s oldest boxing gym) and my coach was Mr. Henry Thomas of Alexandria, VA. It is my fave sport in all the world and my boxing hero is Filipino flyweight, Pancho Villa (1920's) of P - power fame.

ON 1870 IRVING ST: The two girls I live with are Renee Tantillo and Jennifer Pallard ("the mallard"). As you observed, Renee is skate-rock and Jennifer does get her hair cut at Tropea's (barbers to The N.O.P.), is a red-head walking in the truest sense, and is one of the coolest girl rockers I know. I pay \$225 rent and have the coolest room in the house. The word is out. I have scouts searching for a sublet. I will be away for the first week in July (family vacation) and would be honored if you stayed in my room in my absence.

Skip likes boys



ON JOINING YOUR GANG OF DRAPEES FOR REVOLUTION: My services are rendered freely and voluntarily as a love-offering to my beloved compatriots. For that matter, I need not be compensated nor pensioned.

ON GAMBOA: I am of ~~Kaitik~~ Keith Gamboa and Teresita Amos. My Grandfathers were Melquiades Gamboa and Felipe Amos. My Grandmothers were Tina Jensen and Pilar Acuña. I have two sisters named Jennifer and Kathleen who are both younger than me. My Great Great Aunt was a hero during the War for Independence from the Spaniards. Patrocinio Gamboa outsmarted the shrewd Spanish Cazadores of Iloilo in her voluntary mission of taking safely the Philippine flag to Santa Barbara in time for the inauguration of the revolutionary government of the Visayas in 1898. She served as an indefatigable rebel, intelligence worker and was instrumental in getting the Iloilo Chinese to support the common cause and was a campaigner for food, medicine, arms and ammunition for the revolutionists. During the revolution against the Spaniards and later the Americans, Gamboa led the women volunteers to the battle fields where they undertook Red Cross work, nursed the

wounded and comforted the sick. She remained single until her death on Nov. 24, 1953.

We begin our American Campaign III 1991 in a few weeks so please alert the kids. Please communicate express of tender feelings to our future battery mates - Bikini Kill and Fuel up, for soon we arrive, notorious.

love/rock/revolution
yours truly,

S. G A M B O A

Steve
Gamboa XOXO



Chapter V

THE HOUR OF TEMPTATION

CIRCUS LUPUS

Circus Lupus are one of my very favourite bands right now. At our last show at d.c. space allison said: "oh, by the way bratmobile hearts the Circus Lupus". I looked over to Chris Thomson and he looked like he was BLUSHING!! hopefully anyway.

XXX

Circus Lupus are: Chris Hamley- guitar
Seth Lorinczi- bass
Chris Thomson- vocals
Arika Casebolt- Drums

XXX

3906 Benton NW
Washington, D.C. 20007

They used to live in Madison Wisconsin and they just moved to d.c. this summer. This band is completely incredible, and I can't really figure-out why, but one reason is that everything about them, as individuals is completely different, and everything sounds completely different if you try to listen to the individual instruments, but sounds totally great together. Allison and I did a 2 hour interview with them at food for thought, but it was so long I just couldn't begin to transcribe the whole thing to get it done on time. The interview was really great though, and I promise it will be in the next issue. (this is good because it guarantees that there will be another issue.)

XXX

Anyway, word has it that they will be releasing an lp on a very nice label based in d.c. hopefully around december or january. They also might be going on tour sometime this fall. you might want to write them and ask them to play in your town.

XXX

Circus Lupus also released a single I believe last spring or so, on the Cubist Label, which is that punk rock scientist scene in pittsburg. I dont have that address so please write to the band to find out if there are any left or how to pressure a second pressing.

ARIKA

XOXOXO



CHRIS T.



the girl germs ♡ 's the Circus Lupus

Love will tear us apart.... again

Here is a section on cool publications and record company things that deserve some attention. If you write for info it would probably be wise to send along a stamp to encourage a reply (punk rockers are poor), and if you write for a fanzine send a dollar and some stamps just to be nice. Maybe tell them where you heard about it. I always like this.

NOT EVEN ZINE- 8709 Fenway dr., Bethesda, MD 20817

Daisy is a cool straight edge riot grrrl who has done two of these zines so far, and the third one is almost done. It's gonna be mainly about issues of religion in punk. Born Against, Shelter, etc... Write her, she's rad.

QUIT WHINING- P.O. Box 2154, Mt. Holyoke, S. Hadley, MA 01075

Margaret is Daisy's sister and she is working on her first issue of this fanzine. Maybe write her for info first. She's cool man. A riot grrrl.

BIKINI KILL ZINE-

If you're a regular grrl germs reader, or into the pissaw scene then you will know that this is the literature that goes along with the Bikini Kill band. Kathleen is busy at this very moment working on the second issue, and I've been cheating by taking a few peeks here and there; and it looks fucking rad. There is also another issue

PEBBLES 2000- P.O. Box 2273, Olympia, WA 98507

This is my friend and Stella's thing that right now is making thousands of t-shirts. Send some stamps for their catalog. I think they are called 'love rock t-ees'. "Kitten w/ a whip" is my fave.

ACTION TEEN- 5812 HI-Hill st., Bethesda, MD 20817

So yeah, this is Don and Erin of TEENAGE GANG DEBS's, new fanzine. And by the way this is a real fanzine along the lines of LICER BEAT & SIXTEEN. There's interviews, exposes, and fabulous pin ups too. Ever since IGD has taken off by being blabbed about in SASSY, the VILLAGE VOICE, etc.'s CITY PAPER, THE WASHINGTON POST, and ugh... spin, old Erin and Don haven't been the same... but they're trying to do some penance by making a punk fanzine. (there also might be something like a 15 page Beat Happening interview, and nude photo's of Mark F. Robinson as King 013, but I didn't tell you...)

L I F E A N D D E A T H- 617 high ave, Bremerton, WA 98310

I n t e r v i e w s

... this is Skippy's fanzine and it's about revolution, and punk and veganism, and straight edge and lots of other stuff. The first issue had an article written by my girlfriend Julie, and an interview with Ian Mackye. I think No. 2 has a jawbox interview. cool.

BRING IT BACK- P.O. Box 20224, Seattle, WA 98102

I haven't actually seen this fanzine but it is done by a guy named Ron, and the next issue has the theme of 'not just boys fun'. sounds good to me.

JANE AND FRANKIE- P.O. Box 55, Postal STN. E, Toronto, ONTARIO, CANADA M6H 4E1 (send extra 'cuz it's from canada) \$3?

this is done by the brother and sister team of Jens and Klaus Von Brucker. It is totally fucking great, with high queer scene influence. It is really beautiful too. C.B. Jones and 5th Column are discussed lots. Umm... just get it o.k.? I love this. (21 people who should be queer in the best!)

P.S. labor ain't free

SISTER NOBODY-

Laura's fanzine that has two issues that I know of although, I am sure both are out of print. Try her anyway. The next issue is going to be almost entirely on Patti Smith I understand, which should be good as a primer for those of us who have fallen behind on our punk rock history, (herstory?). When I read S.N. #1 I was so happy. Laura used to live in Eugene and she tells great stories and it looks cool too. This is a queer girl zine as well as a girl zine. try and get it dude.

BOY TITCLAPPS-

A boy named Larry-Bob makes this fanzine and it is a cool zine cuz it is real inclusive on issues of gender, has lots of contributors, as well as lots of writers (and I assume readers) in prisons. He is also real nice. We are kind of pen pals.

CHAINSAW-

Chainsaw is a true inspiration. I feel dumb talking about it. It is Donna's "homo-dork-girl-freak-queer-punk type fanzine thing". It is rad. It is real.

JIGSAW-

If I prayed I would pray that I will see a copy of Jigsaw in my hands cuz I dont know where they go. If you want to, write Tohl and ask her about it. Some day they will be available. Back issues and all, I have some weird faith or something. I'll try and be patient. you too, just don't forget that it does exist, and people still contribute. It's actually kind of phenomenal.

SIMPLE MACHINES- 3510 N. 8th st., Arlington, VA 22201

In case you missed July **SASSY**, there was a little bit of information on how to get a booklet that Jenny And Kristin put out on how to start and maintain record companies. Simple Machines, their record company is forging onward at full speed with the recent release of Screw with Jawbox, Velocity Girl, GEEK, and Candymachine. It's really great. They also have released the first TSUNAMI single with 5 songs on it. A total bargain at \$3 dollars I'm sure. Get their catalog & if you want the booklet send two extra stamps or .50c.



SLUMBERLAND RECORDS- P.O. Box2741; College Pk., MD 20740

I believe this address has changed, but it's the only one I could find. Slumberland is Archie from Velocity Girl record releasing scene, although I think others are involved too. There are about 7 records in their catalog now so write and get it. I haven't actually heard it, but I understand the Black Tambourine single is major.

TEENBEAT RECORDS- P.O. BOX 50373, Wash., d.c. 20091
one monkey dont stop no teenbeat!



Who's
in
Charge
Here ○
THE BRAT!



But let me tell you
 of the cramps in my
 hands
 in my
 neck
 + the pain in my bloated
 stomach



my hand is tired
 12 o'clock and then it ends
 no more orange nightgowns
 just white ones
 with red stains
 from menstrual blood

I keep contradicting
 myself

Time is running out

keep



... Garbo was not accidental 1931

She was a waitress. I thought I was in love with her. Nights I drank root beer floats and watched her. like a flamingo take orders and deliver food. She would ask him what the fuck did he think he was doing smoking cigars in the non-smoking section. Each night he asked for a table in the non-smoking section because it was her section and he smoked-cloves, cigars, banana peels-he smoked and blew smoke rings at her butt when she turned her back after asking him what the fuck did he think he was doing. He ate pie. He ate steak and eggs and wiped drool from his mouth. She became a frustrated waitress and no longer looked at me when she took my order.

Then he threw a pipe at her pretty face and babbled, ranted about his right to smoke in the non-smoking section as long as there were people in the smoking section who weren't smoking. He babbled and brown drool formed on his lips. He tore the fake plants from the fake dirt from the planters that separated the two sections.

A truck driver pulled him up by the shirt, asked him who the fuck did he think he was hurting a woman ain't no real man that'll hurt a woman.

The frustrated waitress cried, rushing to the restroom. The tired elderly manager along with the truck driver threw the ranting man out and he shook his fists for he, too, was frustrated and he too was in love with the waitress. I paid for my root beer float and left into the night. I picked up the pipe from the floor before I stepped out, stuffed it down in my purse. It smelled of vanilla and warmth.

I walked home to my room of similar fragrances, passing bus stops, litter, free newspaper stands, trying to remember the color of the waitress's eyes.

-Annie Lalania.

What am i talking about?... What are you talking about? What are we talking about? What are we sposed to be talking about? Are we reallyeven talking with each other-- or is it at each other? Or right through each other? Is there any dialogue? Or is this some sort of BIGword game show?

Are my words unclear? Or are they just incorrect? Or is my terminology fucked because we're playing on your terms? Are my gut feelings invalidated by your extensive vocabulary?

COULD BLOOD AND VOMIT EVER MEASURE UP TO YOUR SLICK DEFINITIONS ?

Do you see how privilege affects speech and even the power of your speech over me? Why do you annihilate my "broad sweeping statement" with your own brand of broadsweepingstatements?

Do you question the very forms of communication we're using

รับระกาวตอกแบบแนวเนมแพชั่น

right now

บั้งกับ แนวต่างๆ มาโดยตลอด

in debating terminology? Can you feel the chains of our conversation's power structure? ARE YOU REALLY LISTENING TO ME ?

จากการพิจารณาคัดเลือกผลงาน

ARE YOU REALLY LISTENING TO ME ?

แล้วนำไปตัดเย็บเป็นชุดจริง จัดแ

—Or have you been waiting all week to lecture this opinion of yours?

Did it occur to you that i can't really articulate on your terms-- that i shouldn't have to articulate on your terms? Are you seeing how scared i am to be in public disagreement with you??

Do you realize how important is the standard you set for WHAT'S

COOL ?

คุณอบรมคุณงานด้านแพชั่นดีไซเน

DO YOU WONDER WHY MY MOUTH IS BETTER OFF SHUT ?

50,000.-บาท ผลงานของดีไซเน

Do i shut my own mouth, or is there a cock down my throat ?

And do i simultaneously have my cock down someone else's throat?

Do i ?

Do you ?

ารชมรับ จากวงการแพชั่นไทย

WAIT-- WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT ??

เข้ามาโดยตลอด สำหรับปีนี้ ทางอ

FADE OUT

Natasia J. Chan, a 21 year old American woman of Chinese descent currently resides in Portland, Oregon. She is

- a. working on her screenwriting portfolio
- b. planning super-8 documentaries in her head about Chinese-American culture
- c. on sabbatical
- d. an unemployed University of Oregon graduate.

While living in Northwest middle-class limbo this summer, Natasia is striving to learn how to be a perfect radical, a need brought on by frustrations with "pseudo-hippies" she met in Eugene and with the growing awareness of hate crimes in the state of Oregon through racist incidents caused by skinheads and the costumed racist (ie. those in suits, blouses, jeans, dresses, etc).

Through her work, Natasia plans to discuss these issues while still trying to have fun. Alas, someday....



Michellenoel's good stuff

stand up drummers
 rice dream mocha pies
 boys in dresses
 exceedra fanzine
 walking in olympia
 strawberries
 corin
 dance parties
 r10b grrrl
 lungfish
 letters

DESIOERATA are fucking
 PUNK DUDE! this is
 Amanda their singer.
 write yo Dischord.

Molly →



Allison and Molly met in the fall of 1989 in the dorms of the university of Oregon. They were next door neighbours. Allison first saw molly when she heard someone screaming from the hall phone: "but... i love you!". Molly was trying to save her heart long distance style, but Allison was nonetheless understandably startled and somewhat frightened by this display. 3 months later agreeing that the dorms were a lame and unhealthy scene, they decide to move in together after the christmas break. The night before Molly went home for christmas vacation, they both made the hang in the bathroom, hiding out from their respective roommates, dubbing tapes to take home. Somehow, in the process, they decide to be a band called bratmobile. Details on this decision are pretty hazy, although the bratmobile theme song written that very evening remains in Allison's lyric book, too ridiculous to ever perform, record, or even practice.

...so around spring quarter after a couple of women's studies classes, tons of lame punk shows in eugene, some cool punk shows in olympia, and one very essential copy of Jigsaw No. 2, these girls start to get that feeling in their heart; that something's "not quite right", the amount of girls they see involved in punk and the world in general, and talk begins in some circles about starting a radio station on campus. Allison and Molly want their own show, and bad. They make a demo tape, it goes: "girl rock...in your face!", it has L7, Courtney Love, Salt -n- Peps, and Patsy Cline. They decide to call the show Girl Germs, after the song Allison wrote in the fall. It could've been the most.

...But pot smoke and isoocs does not a radio show make, even though Molly spent most of the summer making flyers and stationary, as well as buying tons of records with girls on 'em to play. But the dorks in charge wont hear of getting their asses in gear, so the girls begin to look for alternatives, other stations, ohtar formats. They both try to learn guitar, to write, to survive. Everything is hard you know.

...Around october Tobl (cool friend and Jigsaw editor), asks molly: "why don't you do a fanzine?" Hmmm...

...Molly says to Allison: "hey, this radio scene is nowhereville. Maybe we should do a fanzine."

Allison says: "O.K."

Molly says: "we can call it girl germs, like the song you know? Like the radio show in print."

Allison says: "O.K. cool, here's some stuff I wrote."

The rest is history baby.

(our vines have grapes)

- a) have something to write about. (i'm not sure if this is even essential)
- b) lay it out in a format you like.
- c) print it up.
- d) get people to read it.



← Allison

...and if you have specific questions write us and we'll tell you how we did it and you can either take our suggestions, or throw them out the window; but you know it's mostly a case of trial and error 'cuz mucho trial + mucho error can = mucho fun.

girl germs
P.o. box 1473
Olympia, WA
98507

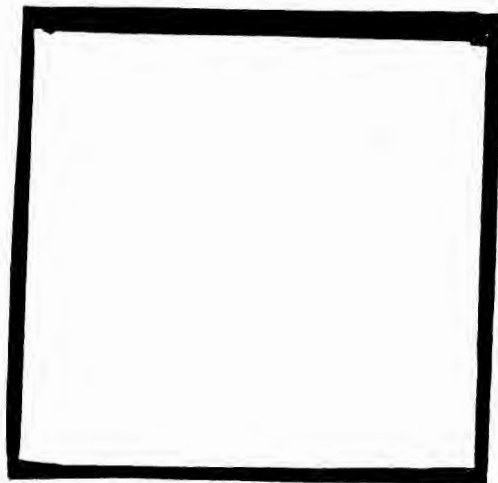
MANG GIRL GERMS WITH NO RETURNS TO: Tabatha, Kathleen, Kim, Melissa, Re-akB, Michelle, Julie, Daisy, Margaret, Donna, Tiffany, Jenny, Kristin, riot grrrl, Mark, Juliana, Fugazi, Erin, Chia Pet, Don, Mark E., Tae, Rachel, Torry, Jonny Cohen, N.O.U., Slim, 5th Column, Rebecca, Circus Lupus, Jeffery K., DUG, Sharon, Becky, Jen S., Anna, Lal-Nga, Christina, Bill, Kathi, Lo-lo, Hope, and revolution (summer) riot grrrl/d.c. style NOW!

Plus also tons 'o love to Dana (g.g. fiction editor), Jane, Karen, Erika, Laura, + tasha.

girl germs

P.O. Box 1473
Olympia, WA
98507

THIS ADDRESS IS
PROBABLY NO MORE



*Rated R,
For 'Rad'*



Ready FOR THE Rapture